

Thine heart, hard and feigned
is ! A mind profane? and of the worst
suspicious !

In speech not delicious ! *
A tongue tied, which cannot utter 1
Gesture lame, like words which stutter
! Thy hands and mind, unapt In music to
rejoice!

For songs unfit, an hoarse voice !
Thy faith unconstant, whatsoe'er thou
mutter ! Be gracious! No ! She thinks
my words be bitter ! Through my
misfortunes, they for myself be fitter!

O how long ! how long shall I be
distress!! How long in vain shall I
moan ! How long in pain shall I groan!
How long shall I bathe in continual
tears! How long shall I sit sad, and sigh
alone ! How long shall fear discomfort
give ! How long shall hopes let me live !
How long shall I lie bound in despairs
and fears!

With sorrow still my heart wears ! My
sundry fancies subdue me ! Thine eyes kill me,
when they view me! When thou speaks with my
soul; thy voice music maketh*

And souls from silence waketh !
Thy brow's smiles quicken me; whose frowns
slew me ! Then fair Sweet! behold! See me,
poor wretch! in torment | Thou perceivest
well! but thine heart will not relent.

Mine Eyes and Sleep be fierce
professed foes 1 Much care
and tears did make it: Nor
yet will they forsake it;
But they will vex my brains, and troubled eyes !
If any sorrow sleep, they will wake it!